King. Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,
Couſen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France.*

King. I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France:*
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

They'l be in freſher robe
The gay new cloaths ore
And turne them out of ſ
As if it pleaſe God they
Then ſhall our ranſome
Saue thou thy labour He
Come thou no more for
They ſhall haue nought
Which if they haue, as I
Will yeeld them little,
Her. I ſhall deliuer ſo.

Yorke. My gracious L
The leading of the vawa
King. Take it braue Y
Come ſouldiers let's aw
And as thou pleaſeſt Go

Enter the

Gebon. O diabello.
Con. Mor du ma vie.
Orle. O what a day is
Bur. O Iour dei hout
Con. We are enow y
To ſmother vp the Eng
If any order might be t
Bur. A plague of or
And he that will not ſ
Let him go home, and
Like a baſe leno hold t
Why leaſt by a ſlaue
His faireſt daughter is
Con. Diſorder that h
Come we in heapes, w
Vnto theſe Engliſh, o